

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 17

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 23, 1916

## His Job.

BY BLANCHE BRACE.

THE boy leaned wistfully on the wagon shaft, insulting the bay horse with words that sounded threatening, though their tone was friendly enough.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" he asked. "I guess you think because you go around through the mountains and everywhere, and camp just wherever you happen to be at night, that you're having fun. Well, you listen to me. You're only the Bible Man's horse, that's what you are! And he's a sissy, or he wouldn't be going around peddling them this way! So! And I reckon you've got religion, too, and would fall dead if you ever happened to see a race-track once!"

The boy's words were jeering, but his heart was bitterly envious. This little, inscription-covered house on wheels appealed to him strongly. To sleep in the wagon with its canvas sides lifted and its door wide open, to cook outdoors, to eat just wherever you happened to be when you grew hungry,—that was what he longed to do with his whole heart. And he knew that he would have to stay where he was, on the grubby little farm at the foot of the mountain, split wood, and do chores, and go to the inadequate country school, doubly hateful now that the warm June days were upon the world. At the moment he would have been glad to trade places with the Bible Man's bay horse.

"Hey, sonny!" He started at the kindly voice so near at hand, and merely grunted sullenly in reply. But out of the corner of his eye he was watching the other as he made ready for departure, fastening together with a leather thong a worn-out bit of harness, and whistling absorbedly the while. He was a stalwart man of middle age, with a face browned by weeks and months of first-hand chumming with all sorts of weather. There were hundreds of jolly little smile-lines about his mouth, and he did not look in the least like the "sissy" the boy had contemptuously termed him. There was even a kind of gypsy look about his keen black eyes and his dark face.

"There you are, partner!" he said finally to his horse. Then he opened the door of his wagon and stepped in.

"Good-by, friend!" he called to the boy as he took the reins in his hand. Of a sudden he pulled the horse in again.

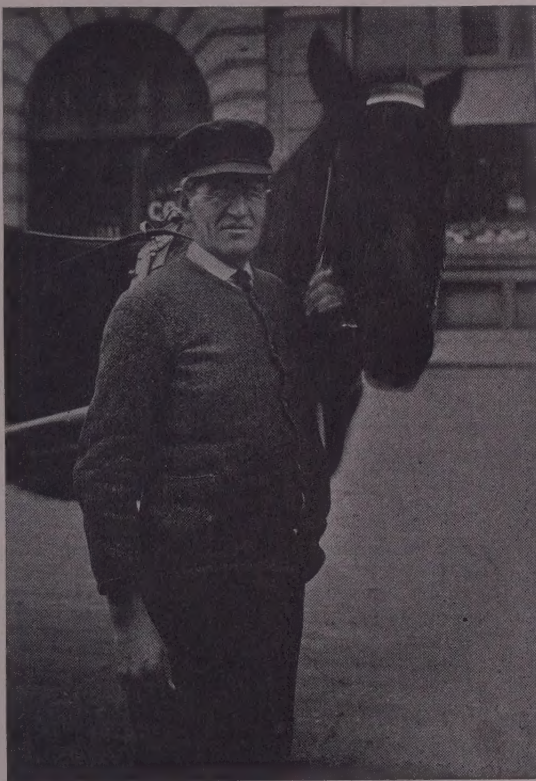
"I don't suppose you'd like to come along for a week or so, eh?" he asked.

The boy's mouth opened and shut spasmodically. It seemed to him that he couldn't have heard aright. He had to put the matter to the test, and see.

"Sure!" he said nonchalantly, through his dry lips. Then he waited.

"Climb in, then!" said the Bible Man,

as calmly as if kidnapping fourteen-year-old boys was a part of his daily program. It seemed to the boy that it was no motion of his own which propelled him towards the wagon and helped him to drag himself awkwardly inside. His one idea that he must get away before any one saw him precluded all possibility of his saying good-by to his folks. They wouldn't want him to go,—wouldn't let him go, if they saw him! They wanted a fellow to spend his life splitting wood, and doing chores, and going to school.



Mr. Peters and "Partner."

The little bay mare known as "partner" pricked up her ears as if she understood the need for haste and secrecy, and the two were off on the upward slant. They had gone perhaps three miles before either of them broke the silence. It was the boy who spoke.

"Say, mister," he said.

"My name's Peters," remarked the brown-faced man. "What's yours?"

"Jim," stammered the boy. "What I wanted to say was that I don't go to Sunday school." His tone was defiant, but his idea did him credit. He wanted the Bible Man to know just what sort of a person he was inviting into the hospitality of the little house on wheels.

"So?" asked the Bible Man, lazily enough.

"You getting hungry, Jim?"

"I dunno," stammered the boy, out of sheer surprise and excitement. It was the

first time in his life that he had ever given such an indefinite answer to a question of that kind.

"Well, I am!" declared Mr. Peters, briskly. "I'm so hungry that my very shadow feels emaciated! Now here," he said, drawing aside a lower curtain swinging from the seat on which they sat, "is my commissary."

Jim's bewildered eye hastened over the neat array of dishes and pans and utensils of various kinds, to the food,—cheese, tea, coffee, condensed milk, even some delicious-looking steak. It was delightful, he felt,—real man food, not like the jam and stuff they give you at picnics.

"But how do you cook it?" he demanded greedily, feeling of a sudden that his shadow was emaciated, too. "Bonfire?"

"We'll do it that way now and then if it'll give you pleasure," declared Mr. Peters, his eye twinkling. "But I can do a long sight better than that."

Even as he spoke he whisked out a bright little alcohol stove and set it up in position on the shelf he swung suddenly across the opened side door of the wagon.

"I can cook a lot better meals than most of the boarding house misses with their chafing dishes," he boasted, and was presently confirmed by the juiciest of steak, and the crispest of fried potatoes, and coffee not quite amber in color but of a wonderful strength. To the boy no meal had ever tasted so good.

That afternoon Jim got his first big surprise. He found that selling Bibles was not always a "sissy" job, that it might even call for fighting qualities, and that it included much that did not come within the strict category of religion. The Bible Man had knocked upon the closed door of a mountain cabin. He got no answer, though it was evident from the voices and murmur of harsh laughter within that the family was at home. Then the Bible Man pounded upon the door, and there was determination in his keen eye.

The boy, noting this, revealed in it, and unconsciously his fists clenched.

"What is it?" growled a voice inside, adding immediately, "It's no use, stranger. We see your little wagon afore it got here, and we ain't no use for Bibles in this house."

"Well, let me come in and rest awhile, anyhow," suggested the Bible Man outside. But the suggestion was met with a mocking laugh.

"No, siree!" said the voice. "You don't rest, not in this house. We've seen peddlers afore, and we know their cunning little ways of getting their hands in your pockets. No, you don't sell no Bibles here."

"Good-day, then," said the Bible Man, in the same tone of calm good-fellowship. Jimmy was disappointed in him.

"If it had been a dog you had to sell," said the voice, slightly mollified. "Old



Mickey died yesterday, and you could ha' done a business in dogs."

"What kind of a cur was he?" asked the Bible Man, crisply.

"White bull terrier," answered the voice, slightly surprised. "I wouldn't have no other dog than a bull."

The Bible Man came back and climbed into the wagon. Jim eyed him rather scornfully. He did not know just what he had expected, but he did know that this easy surrender irritated him.

"Didn't have much luck, did you?" he asked, with a slight, boyish sneer in his voice.

"Not yet," returned the Bible Man, serenely. "Know where I can buy a white bull terrier, sonny?"

"A white bull terrier!" repeated Jim, stupidly. "What for?"

"For them," and the Bible Man jerked his head backward at the cabin he had left. "Don't you see that it's the only way to get in?" he added with a trace of impatience in his tone.

All that afternoon they combined the search for a bull terrier with the sale of Bibles. Mr. Peters was particular about the points of the dog. He wasn't going to have any "scrubs" he told Jim privately. Moreover, they needn't try to palm off any on him, for he knew dogs. Jimmy, watching, saw that it was quite true. It was late that evening when they found their bull terrier, and when they camped for the night he was tied to the wagon wheel.

"First thing to-morrow we take him back," said the Bible Man to the boy.

"Is it worth while to go all that way," asked the boy, "just to show one man a Bible?"

"Well, I guess it's worth while not to be beaten, isn't it?" demanded the Bible Man, sturdily. Then he threw into place the whole length of the wagon the two long, springy boards that served as bunks, produced mattresses, pillows, blankets and even sheets, and made ready for bed. The canvas sides of the wagon were raised, and Jim lay for a while staring up at the stars before he dropped off into a deep sleep.

"Here's where we sell a dog and maybe a Bible," Mr. Peters declared after the ham and eggs and coffee of the next morning. But the door of the cabin was firmly shut when they reached it after two dusty, perspiring hours.

"See here, stranger," called the strident voice of the man they had heard the day before, "didn't I tell you we didn't want no Bibles?"

"I've come to sell you a dog," answered the Bible Man, quickly.

"What kind of a dog?" demanded the voice, after an interval.

"A white bull terrier," said the Bible Man. There was a great, good-natured shout of laughter from the inside.

"You win, stranger," admitted the voice. "Come along in with your dog." And he had bought both the dog and the Bible before the bay mare jogged on again.

The days went on. Once Jim saw the Bible Man almost pushed off a roof—he caught himself at the outer scantling—by an irate workman who didn't care to be shown a Bible. And once he saw the dimmed eyes of a dying Portuguese woman brighten as Mr. Peters handed her a Bible in her own tongue, and she turned feebly to the familiar words she had loved in her childhood. Jim's throat felt queer.

"See here," he said, when they had left

her happily sleeping, the little book clasped in her thin hand, "you have it in other languages, then?"

"The Bible is printed in 526 different languages," Mr. Peters told him casually. "A lot of people want to read it, you see."

But they didn't talk a great deal about religion. They laughed and joked and even played ball. The brown-faced man told the boy of incidents of his youth, and Jim confided his opinion of the farm, and doing chores and splitting wood. The Bible Man did not reprove him.

It was Saturday of the week when they reached a little Italian construction camp, where about a hundred and fifty swarthy foreigners were employed. Mr. Peters went through the long bunk-houses, tacking up his Bible chart pictures here and there.

"They like the bright colors, and the reading is all in their own language, you see," he said casually to Jim. "We've got to plan to get out of here before dark, though. They aren't always in the sweetest of tempers."

The boy remembered the dark-faced men as they had looked at work, and felt no impulse to sneer at Mr. Peters' caution. Though he would not have admitted it, he wished that they were both safely out of the construction camp. Presently a whistle blew, and they hurried out to intercept the men as they came from work. Mr. Peters attracted attention by exhibiting some brightly colored lesson cards. A little group, full of curiosity, gathered about him.

"I have also the Nuevo Testamento and the Sacra Bibbia," he told them at last. At that one of the workmen who had stood leering among the others spoke.

"Protestanto,—no good!" he cried, and the others took up the murmur.

"I wouldn't say that if I was you," remarked Mr. Peters, calmly, to the first speaker.

"You want fight?" demanded the Italian loudly, suddenly darting forward. Unexpectedly his arm shot out, a long-bladed knife in his hand. But the Bible Man caught the other's wrist and held it there for a moment in his strong grip.

"Fight?" he repeated. "Yes, if you want. But we'll throw away the knives. You give up yours"—he wrenched it from the other's hand, and tossed it lightly away—"and I'll give up mine." He drew from his pocket a small, blunt-bladed jack-knife and dropped it by the side of the long, murderous one. The little joke pleased the crowd. They pointed at the two and laughed. Then the fight began.

Jim felt that he would never forget those palpitating minutes. The Italian was much the taller and the more wiry. Also he fought with a vicious strength that was denied to the calm of the Bible Man. At first he seemed to be getting the better of his opponent. Jim wondered how it would fare with them if the Bible Man was beaten. Then he saw that the other's iron muscle and clear-headedness were more and more in triumphant evidence. He saw, too, that the crowd was watching the battle quite impartially. Then the Bible Man had won. Then he was showing them the Bibles. The boy looked on in a daze. He was silent, too, as they drove away.

It was while they were at supper that night that he spoke.

"Say, Mr. Peters," he gulped.

"Yes, Jim?" and the Bible Man peered at him over a huge coffee-cup.

"You were fine!" cried the boy.

"Just luck," declared Mr. Peters, "or most of it was. It was luck that I happened to catch his wrist in time. And it was luck that he turned out to be a chap not very popular with his fellows. The rest of it was just sticking to my job."

Sticking to his job! That was exactly what Jim hadn't done, and he saw now that it was cowardly. He hated to think, too, of how his mother might have worried about him.

"I've had a fine time, Mr. Peters," he declared, his voice a little rough with embarrassment, and a deeper feeling. "I'm sure sorry that I've got to go back to-morrow."

"Your mother knows, Jim," said the Bible Man, surprisingly, and there was a twinkle in his voice. "I asked her that first day before I ever invited you."

"I'm glad," said the boy. "But I've got to go back, just the same. You see,—I left my job down there. I'm going back and stick."

"I'll miss you, Jim," declared the Bible Man. "But you're right, you know. And you can take the trail down in the cool of the morning. Want a Bible to take along?"

"You bet!" said the boy, in a low tone.

"It won't cost you a cent!" said the Bible Man, with a twinkle.

### The Man Who Knows.

THE man who wins is an average man,  
Not built on any particular plan,  
Not blest with any particular luck,  
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess";  
He knows, and answers "no" or "yes."  
When set a task that the rest can't do,  
He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned: That the man who  
tries  
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;  
That it pays to know more than one thing  
well;  
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits till one fine day  
There's a better job with bigger pay,  
And the men who shirked whenever they could  
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,  
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,  
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;  
The man who wins is the man who tries.

*Youth's World.*

### From Our Young Contributors.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

BY ILONA LUSTIG.

A little child dances over the snow,  
Though the night is cold and the wind doth blow.  
That little child is the happy New Year,  
Whom we greet with shouts and merry cheer.

#### THE BROOK.

BY MARY LEAVENWORTH VAN DEUYN.

In winter I am frozen so  
That though I try I cannot flow.  
In springtime I just rush away  
To meet the river and the bay.  
In summer birdies o'er me fly,  
In me reflect as they go by.  
In fall the leaves all drop on me,  
Leaving bare their mother tree.



### The Snow-bird.

WHEN all the ground with snow is white,  
The merry snow-bird comes,  
And hops about with great delight  
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat  
A piece of cake or bread!  
He wears no shoes upon his feet,  
No hat upon his head!

But happiest is he, I know,  
Because no cage with bars  
Keeps him from walking in the snow,  
And printing it with stars.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

### Aunt Tilda's Pets.

BY NELLIE M. LEONARD.

"ANOTHER story!" exclaimed Aunt Tilda. "My think-box is as empty as last year's nests. I couldn't imagine another story."

"We'll be satisfied with a true one," pleaded Grace.

"That's right," agreed Byron. "Please tell us something that really happened on the farm."

Aunt Tilda leaned comfortably back in her arm-chair. "I'll tell you about my pet birds," she began. "One bitter cold night last winter, David told me there was a little shivering sparrow huddled behind a blind on the south piazza. It was a severe winter for birds. Your uncle scattered several quarts of grain down in the pasture for the birds that were too shy to come near the house. He feared they might starve.

"Every morning there would be dozens of chick-a-dees, juncos or snow-birds, English sparrows, chipping sparrows, nut-hatches, and a pair of blue jays flitting about our back yard. A more friendly lot of hungry birds you would seldom see. They shared the crumbs, suet, pop-corn, and nuts, with rarely a quarrel.

"I kept thinking all the evening of that half-frozen bird seeking shelter outside. Next morning, I suggested that David build him a house. It was stormy and he couldn't work out of doors, so he found a box and sat down in the kitchen with his jack-knife to whittle out a bird house."

"How big was the box, auntie?" interrupted Byron, eagerly.

"I should think about nine by six inches. It was four or five inches deep. Its roof was a sliding cover which proved handy later when I wished to peep in at the nest and its contents. David made a small arched doorway with a piazza at one side. Inside was a low partition, beyond which the bird would be securely sheltered from the wind. When it was painted green, lined with hay and set on top of the blind, it was a snug home."

"Wouldn't it blow off?" asked Grace.

"A stout stick nailed on the back of the box and pushed behind the blind held it firmly. That very night, the sparrow took possession. David named him Zimmie."

"Like the little owls, Zimmie and Lizzie, in the *Brockton Times*," laughed Byron.

"Yes, those funny little weather birds. David said Zimmie would soon bring home a Lizzie. For a while he lived alone. Two other sparrows perched on top of his house every night, but little Selfish never invited them into his cozy quarters.

"In February David announced that Lizzie,



Getting Acquainted.

the bride, had arrived. She was smaller than Zimmie, drab-colored with a grayish breast. Zimmie had a dark spot on his breast and was not so sleek and trim as his little wife. We watched them with interest and listened to their twittering calls.

"Early each morning, Zimmie came out on his piazza and gave several chirps. Some sparrow friends would fly out of the ventilation hole in the poultry house. Then Lizzie would appear, swing for a minute in the meshes of the wire on which the Crimson Rambler climbs, then join the chattering group in the grape arbor.

"They never seemed startled when we went out on the piazza with their warm breakfast. They ate hungrily. Sometimes David opened the window and said, 'Hello, Zim!' He would tip his little brown head to one side and look very wise.

"About the middle of March they began to bring feathers to line their nest. Our poultry yard furnished soft white feathers. Zim and Lizzie worked untiringly until their house was just stuffed.

"One morning, Zimmie found a pretty Rhode Island Red feather in a neighbor's poultry yard. He evidently considered it very handsome, for, instead of carrying it inside, he perched upon the rose trellis and called long and loudly for Lizzie. When she finally appeared, he displayed his prize very proudly and let her carry it indoors.

"I nearly missed seeing their eggs. But one day in the last week of April, I lifted the box carefully and cautiously pushed back the cover. I was astonished. In the downy hollow lay two good-sized, speckled eggs and two of the funniest little creatures! I thought they would be fluffy, like little chickens. Oh, such ugly babies! They were as pink, blind, and bare as little mice. They opened their enormous yellow mouths and cried for food. Zimmie came anxiously upon the scene and I hastened to replace the cottage, that he might feed them the tiny bug he carried in his bill.

"Next day there were four babies and not a sign of an egg-shell, so you see I was just in time to find those eggs. There was one curious happening. David came in one day. 'Well, Tilda,' said he, 'Zim and Liz have had a funeral. I was digging around your rose bush and I found one of their babies

buried under the leaves.' He showed me the tiny, bare, pink baby whose grave he had disturbed. We found four open-mouthed youngsters very much alive in the nest and concluded that this must have been a fifth baby which the parents had buried.

"In less than a week the babies had bright eyes and dark streaks of feathers growing along their backbones, heads, and wings. Their yellow gaping mouths had shaped themselves into respectable bills.

"Zimmie and Lizzie were kept busy bringing bugs, grubs, and worms to the ravenous family. Even on rainy days they took no vacation, for the babies' appetites never failed. In this work, as in the nest-building, it seemed to me that Lizzie did the lion's share. Zim was rather a selfish, lazy fellow.

"How those babies grew! Soon their heads came popping out of the doorway, eager for their food. Before they were three weeks old, the new family was full grown. One by one they lifted their strong little wings and flew away from the cozy nest."

"That's a lovely story, Aunt Tilda," said Grace.

"I shall build a bird house when we go home," planned Byron. "I'll watch my birds and some day I'll have a true story to tell you, Aunt Tilda."

### Peter's Journey.

LITTLE Peter was sleepy as sleepy could be As he climbed to the top of the stair;  
The bed that awaited he hardly could see,  
And how quickly he lay cuddled there!

He took a fast train to a wonderful land,  
And then, when the journey was o'er,  
He walked by the sea on the glittering sand  
Toward a castle that stood on the shore.

The oaks and the maples were golden and brown  
Where they stood on the crest of the hill;  
And out of their branches a fairy came down,  
And his gay little hat had a quill.

The fairy begged Peter to dine off a nut  
That a squirrel had found in the wood;  
In three little pieces the walnut was cut—  
And all of them said it was good!

Then Peter went swimming in waves that were green,  
Where the fishes were silver and gold;  
They whispered to Peter the moon was their queen,  
And what wonderful stories they told!

If you want to visit this beautiful land,—  
It is not so far off as it seems,—  
Just pillow your head to-night on your hand,  
And go straight to the Kingdom of Dreams.

M. BULLER-ALLEN,  
*in Youth's Companion.*

### Confidence in Santa Claus.

JUST before Christmas, a little girl of four years in one of our Unitarian Sunday schools was asked,—“Martha, have you told Santa Claus what you want him to bring you?”

She shook her head and said “No.”

“But, Martha, how will he know what to bring you if you don't tell him?”

“I shall be satisfied,” she replied,





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

SEVERAL entire Sunday school classes have recently joined our Club. Our first letter is from one such class:

HACKENSACK, N.J.

Dear Miss Buck,—We are the Primary Class of the Unitarian Sunday school of Hackensack. There are four girls and four boys in the class. We are all of us, except two, about seven years old.

We would like very much if each of us could belong to the Beacon Club, for we like to read the stories, and we like it very much when we see the same names as ours in the stories.

We play a game in our Sunday school that Miss Padgham, of Rutherford, told us about. This game is "to get good out of bad," and each Sunday we tell how much we have played it during the week.

All of us know that if we could belong to the Beacon Club it would help us play the "Unitarian Game."

Your  
LITTLE FRIENDS FROM HACKENSACK.

Pupils: Margaret Sage, Jean Sage, Briton Sage, Helen Jacobsen, Edna Ardoon, Walter Bruun, Lucien Hirshler, Richard Thruelsen.

Teachers: Marjorie Fletcher and Viola Hodges.

The teacher of a class of girls nine and ten years old in the Unitarian Sunday school of Melrose, Mass., writes that her girls are very desirous of wearing Beacon Club pins, and says:

I think they are all worthy of this honor. We are studying the "Old Testament Stories," writing a synopsis of the day's lesson at home, and illustrating the story with a picture.

Two of the children are making scrap-books of *The Beacon*, and I, myself, find much pleasure in *The Recreation Corner*.

I am enclosing you some stamps. I wish *The Beacon* might be sent somewhere to give some one as much joy as "We Seven" receive from it.

Pupils: Alice Virginia Dole, Ruth Janet Martin, Kathryn G. Norris, Ellen L. Sparhawk, Eleanor Clark, Dorothy V. Young, Patricia O'Keefe.

Teacher: Miss Edna F. Lamprey.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,  
119 Audubon Boulevard.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday School. Mr. Kent is our minister. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I like to work the enigmas. There are seven girls in our class and Miss Nairane is our teacher. I am very much interested and would like to become a member and wear a button. I am eleven years of age.

Your interested friend,  
BARBARA GESSNER.

WESTMOUNT, QUEBEC,  
354 Elm Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—There are twelve in my class, at the Church of the Messiah, Montreal.

The kindergarten and our class meet at the same time as the church service.

I have a sister, Dorothy, six years old, in the kindergarten. We have been there only three Sundays, but like it very much. I am almost eight years old and can read everything in *The Beacon*.

We lived in Hamilton, Ontario, and Wollaston, Mass., and had *The Beacon* there too.

Your Montreal friend,  
DONALD BLAIKIE.

NORTH CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,  
West Crewdson Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like *The Beacon* very much. I am ten years of age and I would like to join the Beacon Club. I live in a bungalow on a hillside with my mother and father. I have no brother nor sisters. My mother and father are both Unitarians and go to the Unitarian church on Houston Street.

Yours sincerely,  
FOREST T. EVANS.

HANSKA, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I wish to be a member of the Beacon Club. I go to Unitarian Sunday school. I like *The Beacon* very much. I take it every Sunday.

My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Shelley. The minister's name is Rev. Amandus Norman.

I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade in school.

Your new member,  
EFFIE MIDTBRUGET.

### From the Editor to You.

**The Blind Singer.** In Brittany in the north of France there lived, long ago, a Breton poet and his wife. Both

sang lovely ballads which the poet composed. One great sorrow they had: their little son, an only child, was born blind. They named him Hervé, which means "bitter." When the child was only seven, both his father and mother died. But they had sung to him from his babyhood, and he too became a singer, and earned his living going about the country singing his ballads to the people.

Years afterward he became a monk, for that was the way in his time that people showed their desire to live the religious life. Near the monastery where he lived there was a school, of which Hervé became the teacher. Two of his maxims are still remembered, though he lived so long ago as the sixth century. One of them says, "It is better to instruct a little child than to gather wealth for him." The other is a lesson in governing one's self: "He who does not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks."

Sad as it was that he must be blind all his life, Hervé remembered always to sing, and so brought happiness to many. He turned the bitter in his own life into sweetness for others. They chant his praises still in the songs he made and in the wise sayings he taught his pupils; and they say that visions were given him more wonderful than anything human eyes may see.

There is still shown in a little church in Brittany a cradle, old now and worm-eaten, in which the little blind Hervé lay when his ballad-singing father and mother lulled him to sleep with their songs.

### Prize Offer to Boys.

In the Prize Offer to Boys published in our issue of January 2, the first question should have read, Where in *Ezekiel* is found the famous "Watchman" passage quoted by President Wilson? By accident, this question was made to read, Where in *English* is found this passage? Any boys who overlooked this offer and who are interested to see it may obtain a copy of the paper by writing us and enclosing a two-cent stamp.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXXVII.

I am composed of 10 letters.  
My 9, 2, 4, is to be found on the breakfast table.  
My 1, 3, 2, 9, 10, is courage.  
My 7, 5, 8, 6, is very exciting.  
My whole is an historical spot in West Roxbury, Mass.

MARION GLEASON.

### ENIGMA XXXVIII.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
My 11, 5, 7, 13, 2, is an animal.  
My 7, 15, 16, 10, is a piece of jewelry.  
My 13, 14, 5, 7, 17, is a place where many spend the summer.  
My 1, 9, 3, 12, 8, 17, is a size.  
My 4, 5, 6, is a pronoun.  
My whole is a motto every *Beacon* reader should know.

MURIEL A. GILLILAND.

### WORD SQUARE.

To liberate.  
A street.  
To relieve.  
The first garden.

RUSSELL CHENEY.

### A DIAMOND.

1 My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 2, is a mountain  
4 2 7 which vomits hot materials, lava,  
4 5 3 3 5 etc.  
1 2 3 4 5 6 2 My 4, 5, 3, 3, 5 is a common house  
7 3 5 8 9 plant.  
5 6 9 My 4, 2, 7, is a strong, thickset  
2 pony.  
My 7, 3, 5, 8, 9, is a violent or  
sudden gust of wind.  
My 5, 6, 9, is a small social insect.  
Scattered Seeds.

### CHARADE.

My first the good parson  
Will call theft or arson;  
My last the poor citizen rarely thinks right;  
My whole, the young scholar  
Approaches with choler—  
Without it, however, he scarcely could write.  
Browning's Magazine.

### BEHEADINGS.

Behead a creeping creature, and leave a measure of length; again, and be sick; again, and leave only a prefix; again, and find only one letter.  
Youth's Companion.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXXII.—All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

ENIGMA XXXIII.—*The Youth's Companion*.

WORD SQUARE.—OTTO  
TEAM  
TARE  
OMEN

A RIDDLE.—A needle and thread.

ANAGRAMS.—I. Astronomers. II. Midshipman.  
III. Parishioners. IV. Nips, pins.

## THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

**The BEACON PRESS, Inc.**  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON